

*The Chronicle History*

Come, come along,  
Let's dye with honor, our shame doth last too long.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the boy.*

*Pist.* Eyld cur, eyld cur.

*French.* O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.

*Pist.* Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty moys.

Boy, aske his name.

*Boy.* Comant ettes v ous apelles ?

*Fren.* Monsieur Fer.

*Boy.* He sayes his name is master Fer.

*Pist.* Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,

Boy discusse the same in French.

*Boy.* Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and  
ferke.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

*Boy.* Feate, you preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.

*Pist.* Onye ma foy couple la gorge,

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ransome, dye.

One point of a fox.

*Fren.* Qui dit ill monsieur,

Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

*Boy.* La gran ransome, ill voutueres.

*Fren.* O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey icee donerees pour mon ransome

Cinquante ocios. Ic suyves vngentelhome de France.

*Pist.* What sayes he boy ?

*Boy.* Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a greac

House of France, and for his ransome,

He will giue you 500. Crownes.

*Pist.* My fury shall abate,

And I the Crownes will take,

And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.

*Follow*

*of Henry the fifth*

Follow me cur.

*Enter the King, his N*

*King.* What the French retire  
Yet als not done, the French kee

*Ex.* The Duke of Yorke comm

*Kin.* Liues he good vnkle, twice

Twice vp againe :

From helmet to the spur, all ble

*Exe.* In which array, braue sou

Larding the plaines, and by his b

Yoake-fellow to his honour-dy

The Noble Earle of Suffolke als

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all

Comes to him where in blood he

And takes him by the beard, kiss

That bloudily did yawne vpon h

And cryed alowd, tarry deere co

My soule shall thine keepe comp

Tarry deere soule awhile, then fl

And in this glorious and well-f

We kept together in our Chiuall

Vpon these words I came and ch

He tooke me by the hand, saide d

Commend my seruice to my Sou

So did he turne, and ouer Suffol

He threw his wounded arme, and

With blood he sealed. An argun

Of neuer-ending loue:

The pretty and sweete manner o

Forc'd those waters from me, wh

But I had not so much of man in

But all my mother came into my

And gaue me vp to teares:

*Kin.* I blame you not: for hea

I must conuert to teares.